

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Hit Man"

(feat. Q-Tip)

The hit man  
Power is so greedy  
That's for real  
Ain't about a whole lotta talk  
It's about, bringin' figures

He got the eye and the heart to do it, yeah  
From the roof, with the scoped, there's a whole lot to it  
Ain't no emotion when he pulls the trigger  
Breathe second of silence, then you see what he do to niggas  
Pistols, rifles, grenades, whatever  
He's a killin' machine, bought and paid for on pleasure  
And way iller than the last nigga  
Smoke a nigga in the club, and then dance right past niggas  
Once in a while, there'll be one who'll stand out  
Who's more than psycho, who'll take any man out  
With a certian passion for sendin' bullets blastin'  
A certain fashion to the way this nigga wax 'em  
And this assassin gets mad satisfaction from puttin' all this worthless scum out of action  
I sense some pride in his skill  
Looks in the mirror and salutes before he rides for the kill

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing  
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring  
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo  
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt  
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing  
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring  
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing  
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Buckin' at niggas wigs while he's puffin' on cigs  
Lay him down, then he bounce out of town to another gig  
It ain't nothin', he don't need many friends  
Funded different type of weapons, he got plenty of them  
If you pass him on the street, or see him in his spot  
He's always calm, cool, collected, very rarely is he not  
Hit man, with ice in his veins  
Does the job so precise, they up the price with his name  
Shadowy figure, never too loose with the lip  
.44 long in his clip, deuce-deuce on his hip  
Baby nine in his boots and his trunk is full  
This niggas on some shit and can't be fucked with, fool  
In the grimy world of highly-paid hustlers  
First they get goons to muscle ya, then get him to touch ya  
You wouldn't wanna get in his way, nor his associates

Or a tombstone bearin' your name would be appropriate

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